

meet;" but then he had every other qualification for success. He could work well and work hard, was perfectly sober, and had an amount of dogged perseverance that must eventually have pulled him through anywhere. His was one of the exceptional cases, where the fierce competition of an overcrowded country has crushed him down for the time; and he took, wisely, the first chance of escape and won the success that we might all have prophesied for him when we got his passage money together. Moreover he went to Queensland, not to Canada. So much for the English end of the question; now for the Canadian.

In Quebec I spoke more especially to two men on the subject; both car-drivers, one old and one young; the former being English and the latter Irish. The old man had lived fifty years in the city; having run away from a Sussex home at the age of thirteen, to escape from a cross grandmother. He has brought up a family of fourteen children here, and has at any rate made a living; but apparently little more. His children are now out in the world, several of them in New York. Nothing will induce them to return to "stupid old Quebec" no matter what he offers them. He says the palmy days of Quebec ended when the British garrison was removed. Before that it was gay